

## NEW BOOKS.

## Where Only Man Is Vile.

The missionaries in the South Seas still have stories to tell, as the reader will learn when he comes to "Lomai of Lenakel, a Hero of the New Hebrides," a Fresh Chapter in the Triumph of the Gospel," by Frank H. L. Paton, B. D., for six years resident missionary on the west coast of Tanna (Fleming H. Revell Company). There is a very simple map of Tanna Island in the book. The map is not supplied with a scale of distances, but we make out that Tanna is less than fifty miles in length, and half as broad as it is long. A little way to the north-west lies Aniva Island, where the author was born. His father, John G. Paton, was a missionary in the New Hebrides before him, and had labored in Tanna until he was driven out by the savages.

The author arrived at Lenakel, on the west coast of Tanna, in May, 1896. He and the others who had come with him in the little steamer Dayspring, were met on the shore by a small group of armed and naked savages, and by a single white man, a tall, military-looking Englishman, Mr. A. H. Worthington, a planter and trader, who lived there with his wife. That he should have lived rather than died there seems not a little surprising as we go on with the story. We read that the savages were dull and silent when they were asked if they wanted a missionary. They needed and took time to consider that question. The visitors passed the night on board their ship. Next morning a great crowd of natives, men and women, assembled on the beach. Mr. Paton addressed himself to Lulap, one of the chiefs. This savage was a splendid figure, very tall, with immense shoulders and limbs. He was naked and as though he considered that nature had not made him quite dark enough, he had painted his cheeks, his arms, his legs and other colors, and armed with loaded guns. Lulap informed Mr. Paton that the question of having missionaries was not yet decided. Proceed for an expression of his own feeling in the matter, he insisted upon delay, but he promised an answer in time. He said: "Suppose I am like a missionary, me tell you. Suppose I am like a missionary, me tell you."

Presently this great chief harangued his people, with the result that their forbidding looks gave way to smiles. It had been decided to have the missionaries. We may say here that Lulap never became converted to the Christian faith. He remained steadfastly a heathen. But he was a liberal-minded savage. He treated the missionaries always with much tolerant consideration, and handsomely presented them on one occasion with a two-shilling piece.

Another of the chiefs was a short, thick-set man with long, shaggy hair and a bushy beard. One would expect to hear from him something like a lion's roar when he spoke, but as a fact his voice was strikingly gentle and his sweet smile belied his whole appearance. He took the missionaries aside to look at a piece of land on which he hoped they would be inclined to build. The account says: "We followed him along the shore for nearly a mile, wondering all the time at his splendid frame. There were strength and grace in every movement." This was Lomai of the title. There are pictures of him after he had taken to clothes. Possibly it is owing to his strange sense of the clothes that the "sweet smile" does not show itself at all in the portraits. Once as he was on his way to become a Christian he had a moment of heathen relapse and beat one of his wives. We would like to think that the frontispiece picture of Lomai was a "document" of that unfortunate time, but the chronology of the story forbids. In the portraits, as we have said, the chief wears a crown, and it was before he had assumed these that he beat his wife.

The outward reformation of Lomai is recorded in a chapter entitled "Clothed and In His Right Mind." The steamer had brought "some fine boxes of clothing from London." The difficulty was to get the converts to take advantage of the rich occasion. We have read of savages who gladly availed themselves of the apparel of civilization. They were different from the men of the South Seas. They needed tremendous moral courage to begin. Lomai was the hero who began. Mr. Paton records: "One Sabbath morning I saw a man in a red shirt and lavalava coming up the path. I hastened out, thinking he was a stranger from the other side. But, to our uttermost joy, it was Lomai. The heathen called him an old woman, and if there is anything a Tanna man hates to be called it is 'old woman.' But he paid no heed to their ridicule. It was a distinct declaration that he had forever turned his back on heathenism, and that he was now an out-and-out worshipping man. Only those who have lived in the midst of naked heathenism can know the joy that thrilled our hearts to see Lomai clothed that morning. He had now taken the first decisive step; the Spirit had begun to work in his heart, and we knew that the rest would follow." After him there was no trouble about the others. The "fine boxes of clothing from London" were not in vain. Mr. Paton says: "I shall never forget the joy of seeing these people coming clothed for the first time! We had a trying service, and our hearts surged with hope."

But if it is a pleasure to see the heathen clothed, it is also a good deal of an undertaking to clothe them. Starting from nothing at all, of course the call is comprehensive. In another place, noting the arrival of more boxes, Mr. Paton remarks: "It takes an enormous amount of clothing to supply a people just emerging out of heathenism, and it cannot be done without the self-denying efforts of friends abroad." We are reminded of the missionary's appeal in the ballad, regarding which we always considered the rhyme rather feeble:

Would you like to give a dollar to help along the cause?  
Twice buy a dandelion petticoat and half a pair of drawers.

In Tanna there is a kind of magic called "netik." It is worked by means of certain stones called netik stones. These are possessed by the Sacred Men. The Sacred Men get hold of some little article of food that has been thrown away by a person whose life or whose pig (we will explain about the pig immediately) they wish to take. Any little thing will do—a banana peel or a piece of coconut shell. Their leaves from certain short-lived trees, rub them on a netik stone, wrap the stone and the bit of rejected food in the leaves, and place the whole between two trees, one above and one below. As the stone gets hot the victim sickens and dies. But he may recover if the stone is taken out in time, and the Sacred Men are always willing to take it out in consideration of the present of a pig. By giving up his pig the sick man may live and the worker of the netik is profited.

There are two ways to baffle this dreadful magic. One way is to burn the refuse food; the other way is to throw it into the sea. The Sacred Men can do nothing with it, and it has been in the fire or in the sea.

Almost all the fighting in Tanna is due to the belief in netik. Mr. Paton says: "While the netik talk is on, the heathen think of nothing else. It never enters their heads that proper food and nursing will do the sick one any good. No amount of argument has the least effect upon their minds; their own answer is: 'Netik, he he he! Tanna; white man, he no savvy. Plenty man he die along netik.' Nothing but a new heart, set free by the truth of Christ, delivers them from this bondage."

We have spoken of the persistently heathen chief, Lulap. Mr. Paton relates the circumstances of his death characteristically as follows: "About this time Lulap died. We felt his death keenly, as he had been so prominently associated with our landing. So far as we know he remained a heathen to the last, though he was most friendly to us and always listened with keen interest to the Gospel. Who knows but that some dim spark of Divine Life had been kindled in the deep darkness of his soul? The ever merciful Father knows, and we leave it to Him. His tribe buried him on Sabbath, and invited us to attend. They had dug a deep grave, and then followed out a place in the side for his body to lie in. Just before they filled in the grave one of his wives cut down his yams and then threw his axe into the grave. We sang 'There Is a Happy Land,' in Tannese, and I prayed, and the grave was filled in. After the funeral we all gathered under Lulap's banyan tree, a great congregation, and I addressed them solemnly."

War followed the death of this chief. Jimmie Ierapua, who succeeded him, broke into Mr. Worthington's store and stole considerable money and goods. So possessed of the sinews of war, he began hostile operations against Lulap, a powerful chief in the next village. His beginning was in this fashion: "Three of his men hid themselves near Lulap's water springs, at the head of a lonely gully. Soon a woman with her babe and a little girl, came to draw water. Out blazed the rifles, and the woman fell dead. The little girl ran into the bush, with the blood pouring from her arm. But the boy was missed. The heathen, wretches, then shot the helpless babe, and made good their escape. A few mornings later Lulap and Lakin, an allied chief, stole up to Jimmie's people in the dark and shot two men. One fell dead, and the other dragged himself away. I came upon the scene shortly afterward, and saw the murderers or their return, but, of course, they denied the deed. I then hurried home and got bandages and carbolic to dress the wounded man, but he would have none of my medicine. He trusted to the heathen doctors, with the result that he died a few days after. Jimmie was a villain of the first rank. He was not even a good fighter, though he was always stirring up his tribe to deeds of darkness. When Jimmie lost his two warriors he got into a state of great fear and gave up part of the money he had stolen from Mr. Worthington's store to return to its owner. He also expressed a great desire to take the worship. If only his enemies would let him alone."

There is plenty of such description of such scenes of Tanna war. This peculiar war had its origin in the interview between Lulap and a chief called Tubas, the cowardly Lulap's banyan tree. The cowardly Jimmie was not present. "Lulap and Tubas hurried hot words at each other, each grasping his loaded rifle. The warriors gathered behind their leaders, and between them stood the Christian party. The atmosphere became very heated from the hurrying of the hot words, we suppose, and Lakin, on Lulap's side, glared fierce anger at Tubas. I was becoming somewhat anxious, and turned to ask Lomai how he thought the matter was going. Lomai was standing under the banyan, with the rain running down his face, but he beamed all over as he turned to me and said: 'It's all right; it will do them good to get all that bad stuff out. It's got to come out.' And so it proved, for hot words were followed by mutual explanations, and then we held a united service, the leaders shook hands and the horrid war was over. The joy was tremendous. Not even the torments of rain damped their spirits. The women waved their arms and shouted with delight. The men blazed off their muskets, and Lulap killed his father's pig. It was the most wonderful day we had had on Tanna. I God wrought a great victory for his people, and never did we feel the Divine Presence more real. The next day some of the warriors worshipped with us in a great thanksgiving service at Lenakel."

There was one incident of cannibalism, which was gruesome enough, and upon which we shall not dwell. It is pleasant, in taking leave of Tanna, to think of the magic lantern exhibition. "We were so thankful to get a box of beautiful Scripture slides from London." Even the most perverse of the heathen came to see the magic lantern pictures, and had no fault to find with them.

The Rev. Dr. James Paton, an uncle of the author, says of the book in a preface: "The literary grace of the style, and the spiritual fascination of the contents, we owe entirely to the gifted and devoted author." This seems to be just, and to place the credit for these things where it belongs.

**Mrs. Poulney Bigelow's Story.**  
A story by Mrs. Poulney Bigelow, "The Middle Course" (The Smart Set Publishing Company), is concerned with a young woman whose husband was disagreeable, and who felt that she had a right to bestow her affections, in some restraining measure, upon another man. It has seemed to us a little curious that she should have thought that Clement Moorlake, the sculptor, was the man to console her, but we have read novels enough to question the taste of our heroine.

It is made known of Althea North that her husband was addicted to mountain climbing and yachting, and that he was too cold to know how to cherish a yearning wife properly. She was "one of those unlucky girls who are born for love and for nothing else," and her feelings may be imagined when her husband refused to give her money to buy new dresses with. North, the story says, had one suit that no woman ever forgives her was stolen. He had an income of £4,000 a year, and yet he dispensed every trivial item of the household accounts, and he considered that £100 a year was enough for his wife's dresses.

Her soul was sick. She went out to Kew Gardens, and there she met Clement Moorlake and had "buns, crosses, jams—all sorts of lovely things" with him in the tea place. Perhaps the reader will be pleased with the conversation of the two over the tea, and will sympathize with Althea's trouble. The frigid husband broke in upon the pair at the moment of their first and only kiss. Althea certainly suffered very severely for that single indiscretion. For our own part, we wish that the incident had not been illustrated, because in the picture Althea's white hat seems to be on Moorlake's head, and gives the impression that North has discovered his wife in an affair with the French cook. We will quote briefly from this painful part of the story, which is contained in a

chapter entitled "A Tragedy." North speaks, "Well, you shameless woman, what have you to say? How long have you been deceiving me with this scandal?" "Althea, though blanched, gathered firmness every moment. 'I deceived you,' she said. 'I have treated you like a gentleman when you were insulting me with every breath! I have stayed quietly in your house while you made my home a hell; but from this moment I'll deceive you no longer—I hate you! I hate you! You have done all you could to drive me to dishonor; but I am innocent. Clement Moorlake is a man to die for—but he doesn't love me. Why should he? But I'm not ashamed of loving him—and I do—! Wouldn't any poor, crushed, broken-hearted woman love the best man she's ever known?' She paused a moment, panting.

"You confess to me that you love him?" cried North, with concentrated rage, "and you say he isn't your lover? A likely story! You have an innocent woman go to a man's rooms alone and kiss him? You ask me to believe that?" "I asked him to kiss me—because we were never to meet again," said Althea. "Would to God he did love me—but he doesn't."

"North snarled inarticulately and half raised his arm. 'Strike me,' she said, 'and make me free of you forever! But I tell you, if you hurt Clement I'll kill you—kill you with my naked hands!'"

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All interested in the yacht races will find a great deal of accurate information about all sorts of points that may arise in Mr. W. S. Quigley's "The America's Cup" (the Mail and Express). The little book is illustrated not only with pictures of every boat that has sailed in the contests for the Cup, but with many others, including colored plates of the boat pennants, of the chief yacht clubs' flags and of the code signals. There are full descriptions of course, of the Baltimore and of Shamrock III. The Greek mock-heroic poem, wrongly ascribed to Homer, the Batrachomyomachia, has been translated into all modern languages. Leopardi's version into Italian, perhaps, being the most poetic of them. Mr. Oscar Herrmann now turns it into simple English prose for the entertainment of youth, under the title "Homer's Battle of the Frogs and Mice" (Everett & Francis Co.). The book is beautifully printed and is illustrated with many pictures by Frederick Elvers.

M. Jules Cambon was one of the most tactful and popular of French Ambassadors to this country, and had a knack of making graceful little speeches in excellent English. A number of these have been collected in a small volume entitled "Essays and Addresses" (Appletons) and will help to keep him in the memory of the many friends he made here.

It was a queer sort of humor that amused the British public in the pre-Victorian days. The sporting books of George IV's reign seem to belong to another world entirely from that for which Scott and Wordsworth and Miss Austen were writing. But some of them, like "Tom and Jerry," have had their fame, and are known by name to many who have never read them. It may be that Dr. Syntax survives chiefly on account of Rowlandson's illustrations. They have a historical interest and are pretty hard to get, so that now, after nearly a century has past, it is gratifying to obtain some of them in a pretty, handy edition like the two volumes which Messrs. Appleton publish. "The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque" has thirty-seven of the Rowlandson prints in color. They are on a much reduced scale, which detracts from their artistic value, but are large enough for humorous illustrations. The other volume is "Memoirs of the Life of the Late John Mytton, Esq.," by "Nimrod," the record of the extraordinary doings of a practical joker and all-around sporting genius. Both books are reprinted from standard editions, with no introductions or commentaries.

**Books Received.**  
"Animal Studies." David Starr Jordan, Vernon Lymn Kellogg and Harold Heath. (Appletons.)  
"The British Nation." George M. Wrong. (Appletons.)  
"Hephæstus." P. ererphone at Enna and Apollo in Ledaia. Arthur Stringer. (Methodist Book and Publishing House.)  
"Bears I Have Met and Others." Allen Kelly. (Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.)

"Temporal Dominion of the Pope in the Divine Plan." The Rev. Francis Deal. (Theographia Poliglotta, Rome; M. A. Butler, New York.)  
"Out For the Coin." Hugh Melville. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)  
"A Gift of Ideas." Annie Flint. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)  
"The Gentleman from Jay." George William Lott. (G. W. Dillingham Company.)  
"The Biblical Doctrine of Hellness." George L. Robinson. (The Winona Publishing Company, Chicago.)  
"A Visit to a Life Factory." J. Wesley Johnston, D. D. (Charles C. Cook.)  
"The Bible in Shakespeare." William Burgess. (The Winona Publishing Company, Chicago.)  
"Monsieur." Justus Miles Forman. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)  
"Charm Milk." S. D. Belcher, M. D. (The Hardy Publishing Company.)

**DR. CATE HOME, MEMORY BLANK.**  
He fails to recognize home, family or friends, but is improving.

**LAKEWOOD, N. J., Aug. 21.**—Dr. Henry H. Cate, who disappeared from the Hotel Albert, New York, on the evening of April 21 and wandered about the country for almost four months, demented, returned from Newburgh to his home this afternoon, accompanied by his son Carlton, his housekeeper and P. V. Hoyt of Lake Wood.

Although the doctor's condition physically and mentally is improving, he is still feeble and has to be assisted. He has failed as yet to recognize his son, his former housekeeper, friends or surroundings. It is hoped to revive his powers of memory by gradually bringing up the past and arranging his daily routine as it was before he left.

**\$1,400,000 Order for Rails for the B. & O.**  
BALTIMORE, Aug. 21.—The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company signed contracts to-day for 50,000 tons of 85-pound 100-ft. rails for the new line. The Carnegie company will furnish 28,000 tons; Cambria, 12,000 tons, and the Maryland Steel Company, 10,000 tons. This order represents 1,400,000 at \$24 a ton, the standard price.

PUBLICATIONS.  
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

## FOR SEPTEMBER

**THE WYOMING GAME STRONGHOLD.** By Frederic Irland. One must see the extraordinary photographs that Mr. Irland has made of herds of elk at large to appreciate the full interest of this article. It describes a trip to a region south of the Yellowstone, recently visited by the President, and tells of adventures among the great game herds found there. Mr. Irland was especially fortunate with his camera and he presents in his article what will undoubtedly be pronounced the most remarkable photographs of wild game at short range that have ever been made.

**TOM FOLIO.** By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. A delightful and most sympathetic character study of one of the author's early acquaintances in the old Boston book shops.

**EDITH WHARTON'S SERIAL, "Sanc-tuary."** The second instalment of this fine story by one of the most accomplished and finished writers of our time. Illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark.

**WORK AND PLAY OF THE MILITARY ATTACHÉS.** By Captain T. Bentley Mott. Captain Mott is the American Military Attaché in France, and has enjoyed exceptional opportunities for becoming acquainted with both the military and social sides of French army life. He tells in the most entertaining way of the doings and pleasant relations enjoyed by the French army officers and the many foreign officers associated with them. The illustrations are from photographs by the author.

**A NIGHT OUT.** By F. Hopkinson Smith. An inimitable account of certain amusing adventures that befell the author during a recent lecture tour in the West. Illustrated by George Wright.

**THE FLOWERING OF THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.** By Beatrice Hanscom. A story of the cheerful struggle of a young artist and his wife in Paris to gain recognition, and of the way they finally achieved fame. Illustrated by W. Sherman Potts.

**AT THE HIGH WATER.** By Lucia Chamberlain. The dramatic and vivid story of a Wes fern drama, by a new writer. The illustrations by Mr. Schoonover are exceptionally fine.

**TODDYKINS.** By Marguerite Merington. An amusing story of the adventures that befell two young women, a poet and a musician, in their quest for a suitable place to live and to do their work. The illustrations are by George Wright.

**SOME FAMOUS JUDGES.** By Senator George F. Hoar. Senator Hoar presents in this article a full measure of entertaining reminiscence and anecdote of prominent members of the Bench with whom he has been associated in his long public career, lightened by his well known humor and shrewd appreciation of personal character.

**POETS BY C. G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Florence Earle Coates and John Finley.**

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**OYSTER BEDS NOT TOWN LANDS.**

Southold's Suit to Eject Present Owners Is Dismissed in Court.  
RIVERHEAD, L. I., Aug. 21.—Justice Wilnot M. Smith has dismissed the suit of the town of Southold against Francis B. Parks, George H. Buckingham and others, involving the title to oyster beds under the waters of Peconic Bay. The town will take an appeal to the Appellate Division.

The town of Southold brought action to eject the defendants from the premises in question, contending that the town has title to all the land under the waters of Peconic Bay, and to a large portion of the land under the waters of Gardiner's Bay, by virtue of a patent granted by Colonial Governor Andros, dated Oct. 30, 1678.

The Court cites in its opinion the fact that for two centuries after the patent was granted the inhabitants made no claim of any such ownership; that the State has made numerous grants of land under the waters of the bay, and that in 1723 the Colonial Governor granted a separate patent to Charles Williams and Frederick Morris for Robbin's Island, showing that the Andros patent did not include the bay.

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HARPERS MAGAZINE

FOR SEPTEMBER

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Robert W. Chambers

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Roy Rolfe Gilson

Norman Duncan

Sewell Ford

The Standard of Pronunciation in English

By Thomas R. Lounsbury, LL.D.

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By STODDARD DEWEY

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